AN EPISTLE TO *John Ranby*, Esq;

Principal Serjeant Surgeon to His Majesty, And *F. R. S.*

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On the Subject of his

NARRATIVE

Of the Laſt Illneſs

Of the late

EARL of *ORFORD*,

As far as it relates to Sir Edward Hulse, Dr Jurin, and Dr Crowe.

THE SECOND EDITION:

With a large Additional Poſtſcript.

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TO

JOHN RANBY, Esq;

SIR,

HOWEVER solemn and sacred a Duty fulfilling the Will of the Dead may have been look'd upon in all Ages, it is a Point past all manner of Controversy, that abusing the Living by Invectives, under a specious Pretext

text of inviolably performing the Will of the Dead, has ever been deteſted by all Mankind, into whom have been inſtill'd even the firſt Principles of Morality; or who have at any time imbibed never ſo ſmall an Idea of common Honour and Integrity.

The Earl of ORFORD was indiſputably poſſeſs'd of every great Quality you inſinuate of him: was ſagacious, penetrating, generous, and, above all, endued with an incomparable Humanity. For which Reaſon, whatever His Lordſhip's other Requeſts in his laſt Moments

ments might be, it is very difficult to imagine it to have been in the leaſt his Intention, that a Journal ſhould be publiſh'd of his Caſe after his Deceaſe, couch'd in Terms, which muſt unavoidably reflect Diſhonour on the Character of Thoſe, for whom he had long been known to entertain Sentiments of the moſt exalted Friendſhip and Eſteem. An Injunction of this Nature could not poſſibly be the ſo inconſiſtent *Cura Cadentis* of him.

The Declaration, you make at the End of your Preface,

of

of giving a Detail of Facts without any Manner of Comment, is, in my Opinion, entirely ſuperfluous: it being evident at firſt Sight to every Reader, that the whole Thread of your Relation by no means wants one.

However, be that as it will, the Gentlemen aim'd at in your Scheme have one no ſmall Conſolation on this Emergency, that, Thanks to their Stars, their Phyſical Reputation is eſtabliſh'd on too firm and ſolid a Baſis, to be ſhaken by any indirect Innuendos ſcatter'd here and there in

in your egregious Narrative: which is apparently calculated more with a View of leſſening Perſons of an unexceptionable Character, than of promoting any Good in regard of the Publick. Of which more hereafter.

The Earl of ORFORD a long while labour'd under an incurable Diſtemper; took Medicines, preſcribed him by Some of the moſt Eminent in their Profeſſion, without any ſucceſsful Effect; and, conſequently, finiſh'd the natural Courſe of his latterly tedious Mortality. What

then? Muſt the Chit-chat, and unguarded Expreſſions, dropt amongſt intimate Acquaintance, and ſuppoſed Friends, in a Bedchamber, be immediately on ſuch an Event publiſhed to the World, no ways intereſted in it; and formally ſet forth in an hiſtorical Tract, as if they had been the grave Reſult of the moſt ſolemn Deliberations? The Kidneys were, perchance, imagined to have been principally affected in his Lordſhip's Illneſs; the Bladder ſecondarily only: whereas, on Diſſection, the Bladder ſeem'd to have much ſuffer'd; the

Kidneys

Kidneys to be little or nothing alter'd from a natural State. Now, a Perſon, unacquainted with Phyſical Matters, would conclude, from this Situation of Things, that the Earl of ORFORD's Death was conſequential to ſome enormous Failure of Judgment in the Phyſicians who attended him: inaſmuch as they were ſo miſguided in their Opinions, as really not to be at a Certainty in ſo eſſential a Point, as That muſt, ſeemingly, unqueſtionably be, of detecting the Seat of any inveterate Diſorder. Whereas, in effect, 'tis an Axiom, known to the whole

whole Medical World, endow'd with the leaſt Portion of Sagacity, that the Method of Relief in either Caſe (where Cutting is impracticable) is ever the very ſame. Medicines of a diluting, and ſoft, lubricating, Nature, ſuch as you tell the Public were adminiſter'd my LORD, [*Page* 6.] accompanied with Opiates, are conſtantly preſcribed for eaſing the painful Symptoms, which are wont to ſupervene on thoſe deplorable Occaſions, whether derived from the Kidneys, or the Bladder.

Therefore.

Therefore, ſince the Phyſicians, even from your own Account, could lie under no Imputation of the ſmalleſt Neglect, in reſpect of the Courſe pitch'd upon, in order to give ſome Reſpite to His LORDSHIP's intenſe Pains; ſome other Cauſe, rather than That of being exact in your Relation, muſt be aſſign'd, why you are ſo minute and circumſtantial in exhibiting to the World a Detail of an Affair, which not a Mortal upon Earth can be concern'd in, or reap the leaſt Benefit or Advantage from whatſoever.

The

The Compliment you make Sir *Edward Hulſe* [*Pag.* 11.] in calling him a Phyſician of great Experience, is indiſputably extremely juſt: and to go about to ſhew the Adequateneſs of ſuch an Expreſſion would be like entering on the Province of demonſtrating the cleareſt Truth in Nature. And yet, perhaps, thoſe three or four Words, where they ſtand in your accurate Piece, are not impregnated with the greateſt Sincerity imaginable. For, to ſpeak without Reſtraint, I don't know how it is, but,

Timeo

---*Timeo* Danaos, *et Dona ferentes.*
Virg.

The Hoof of *Satan* will ſtill be conſpicuous, and diſplay it's cloven Properties, whatever, even an Angelic, Form that *Arch-Spirit* may aſſume, in order to conceal his other Deformities.

The Concern, ariſing in you [*Page* 11.] from a Point of no material Conſequence, might, according to my humble Apprehenſion of Things, have been, with much more Propriety, reſerved for your own important Occaſions: where

where there may, peradventure, be frequently an urgent Demand for Emotions of the Mind of the ſame tender Nature with That, which, with great Parade, you here beſtow on Thoſe, who do not in the leaſt want it; and who would think themſelves ſunk in Credit exceedingly low indeed, were they to be affected in any Degree with what you deliver as your Sentiments in ſuch Caſes, as Theſe, one way or other: however deep the Foundation may be laid, whereon is built the Reputation imputed to you of ſingular Penetration, and conſummate

mate Judgment. *Ne Sutor ultra crepidam* is a Proverb very ancient, and very ſignificant. Nor would I be thought in this Place to lug it in Head and Shoulders ſarcaſtically. Your Profeſſion is confeſſedly a reputable and a Gentleman-like one. But, notwithſtanding, it is to be remember'd, that, however ardent we may be for an unreſtrain'd Career, we ought never to attempt making Excurſions beyond the Length of our proper Tether.

From the Report you give us of Sir *Edward Hulſe*'s Sug-

geſtion, that the Bladder was not furniſh'd with a ſufficient Number of Blood-Veſſels, to ſupply ſo large a Quantity of Blood, as was from time to time diſcharged, I conclude you would have it ſurmiſed, that this Gentleman has not an adequate Anatomical Notion of the Texture of thoſe Parts; when, in reality, with the ſmalleſt Grain of ordinary Indulgence, he might be underſtood to mean only this, *viz.* that Part at leaſt of ſo profuſe a Flux might probably proceed from the Kidneys; which Dr *Crowe*, it ſeems, [*Page* 27.] was *ſtrong in Opinion*,

nion, (in Alluſion, I conceive, to that ſatyrical Line of *Garth*,

In Reaſon faint, but in Opinion ſtrong,)

is the ſole Source, whence all Stones, coagulated Blood, *&c.* are accuſtomed to flow. Now, by the bye, it is an eſtabliſh'd Truth, that an obſtinate Tenaciouſneſs is by no means the Doctor's Characteriſtic: that unpliant Temper of Mind being as foreign to the Dictates of his better Senſe, as it is to his unaffected Plainneſs, and primitive Simplicity, to recur to ſuch a new-fangled and conceited a Phraſe,

as

as is put in his Mouth a little below; where he is ſaid to have known the Kidneys PLUG'D up on ſeveral Occaſions. You might with equal Juſtneſs have ſet him off, Cavalier-like, with a Bag-wig, a long-waiſted Coat with ſhort Skirts, and a Hat and Feather.

Theſe little Efforts up and down are only random Shots; your main Battery being erected againſt Dr *Jurin*'s *Lithontriptic Lixivium*. Perhaps you may be ſuch an Infidel in regard of Phyſic and Mechanical Powers, as not to give in

to

to the Poſſibility of combining different Bodies, ſo as to form a Medicine, endued with ſuch Faculties, and Manner of Agency, as is requiſite for diſſociating thoſe concreted Particles in the Human Machine; which, arrived at a determin'd Bulk, and lodged either in the Kidneys, or Bladder, obtain the Name of the Stone.

But, whatever may be your Sentiments in this Matter, the ingenious Dr *Schaw*, Phyſician to His Royal Highneſs, the Prince of WALES, in a ſet Diſſertation for that Purpoſe, has put the Queſtion out of

of all manner of Doubt; and fix'd it, like other Mathematicle Demonſtrations, on an abſolute Certainty.

This being really Fact, it remains in the next place to examine how far the ſpecific *Lixivium* on the Carpet may merit the Appellation of a Diſſolvent. You tell us [*Pag.* 18.] in Conſequence of my Lord's taking it, that he voided a Stone, among others, 'compacted of three, very 'ſlightly cemented together; 'being unable, ſeemingly, to 'bear even the leaſt Touch, 'without danger of falling 'aſunder.'

'aſunder.' Now, what ſhould thus looſen this Cement, but the powerful Efficacy of the Medicine, he had been taking in ſo large a Quantity, as ſix and thirty Ounces, [*Pag.* 13.] and which would infallibly have clear'd His Lordſhip's Bladder of the few remaining Calculous Concretions, had there ſubſiſted a competent Fund of Strength of Nature, to have ſupported him thro' a Scene or two more of that Tragedy, which, as you ſay, [*Page* 11.] after ten Years' Intermiſſion, began to be reacted the preceding *May*.

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From

From the unparallel'd Artifice, with which you tell the Story, an unwary Reader would be apt to conclude, that the bloody Urine my Lord ſo frequently made, after Dr *Jurin* had viſited him, was altogether occaſioned by this *Lixivious* Medicine. For, thro' the whole Series of your hopeful Journal, you do not ſo much as once remind us, that this ſhocking Symptom had been almoſt a conſtant Complaint, long before the Earl of ORFORD entered on this diſſolving Method.

But,

But, it is notorious, it was not your Deſign from the Beginning to be nicely ſcrupulous in point of Honour in conveying to the Publick the State of this Caſe: nor to be a downright Slave to that Fairneſs and Impartiality, which eſſentially guide the Pen of every faithful Hiſtorian. Hence you are not content with an open and barefaced Impeachment of the Judgment of the Doctors; but, out of an Abundance of your Good-will, muſt into the Bargain be inſidiouſly undermining a Remedy, which, from repeated Trials of it's pecu-

liar Virtues, was, even before the Doctor's additional Improvements, deem'd by the Parliament of *Great Britain* worthy of National Encouragement: who allotted no leſs a Premium than five thouſand Pounds to the making it publick for the Good of Mankind.

I flatter myſelf, you are ſenſible by this time, that you ſhot your Bolt a little too haſtily. You will, perhaps, in your future Productions of this Kind, be ſomewhat more cautious and circumſpect. But, ſhould you, contrary to Expectation,

dectation, be incorrigible, notwithſtanding this ſober Admonition, and proceed in your Attempts on the Reputation of your Superiors, it will behove you to take eſpecial Care, that your own Artillery does not hap to recoil upon you; and, while you are endeavouring to pluck Plumes from the Caps of Others, your own does not by ſuch reverſed Policy become all of a ſudden entirely deſtitute of a Feather.

POST-

POSTSCRIPT.

IT has been a great Pleaſure to me, ſince the foregoing Remonſtrance, to find I am not ſingle in this Humour of Chaſtizing you for your indifferent Treatment of the Doctors; and blabbing out thoſe Sneer-creating Secrets, which a Man of ordinary Prudence, and with half an Eye to his own Intereſts, would have eternally buried in a Silence as profound as Hell; and have wrapp'd round with ten thouſand Folds, more complicated, if poſſible, than thoſe which ever enveloped even *Egyptian* Myſteries.

It is no Wonder, that you are nettled, if not at what I have ſaid, yet

yet, however, at the Advice given you by a ſhrewd Gentleman, in a late excellent Epiſtolary Performance: a Piece, in my Sentiments, as poignant, tho' at the ſame time modeſt, and as judicious, well-connected, and dexterouſly compacted, as ever groan'd beneath the Preſs. The Author whereof is not only, indiſputably, a Hero, in regard of *Aretæus*'s *Greek*; but, what is very ſurprizing, ſeems, moreover, to be actually ſuch an abſolute Maſter of the *Engliſh* Language, tho' a very difficult one, as to be able at any time, from an occaſional Jumbling together of the Elemental Atoms of it, to produce in a trice, (at leaſt with the Help of ſome few additional Particles from the *Iriſh* Chaos) a World of the moſt noble and Rhetorical Periods, that have diſplay'd themſelves

ſelves ſince the elevated Days of *Laconic* BUNYAN.

As I have a peculiar Reliſh for thoſe little temporary Narratives, which are ſtill conſequent to all publick Days at that celebrated Theatre in the Road to *Paddington*; I felt infinite Delight in turning over this Expoſtulatory Epiſtle: the maſterly Strain of which (with great Submiſſion I utter it) correſponds exactly to that of thoſe elegant Hiſtorical Accounts of "the Birth, Life, "Parentage, and Education,* *&c.*" which confirms me in an Opinion, that this Lucubration is not the firſt Eſſay of this Medically-ſatyrical Perſonage: and, if I am right in my Conjecture, will not, as Eating is a good Thing, be the laſt. Which Conſideration, inaſmuch as it

* *Vid. p.* 16. *of the* Advice, *&c.*

it muſt keep you within the Bounds of proper Decorum, to ſpeak the Truth, perfectly charms me.

Your Back, I fancy, ſmarting ſufficiently already by the thick Laying on of this heavy-handed Antagoniſt, I have not ſuch Ferocity in my Nature, not I, as to carry my Paſſion to ſo great an Extravagance, as to enter on his Taſk of Laſhing you unmercifully: eſpecially, as I am not without Hopes, that, let whatever Cloudedneſs of Underſtanding (even a Match for That of unletter'd D---CE) prevail among the Faculty, it will be a never-to-be-forgotten Maxim with you hereafter to clap your Hand cloſe, very cloſe, upon your Mouth; as much as to ſay, (more pathetically than were you to harangue for an Hour together) MUM!

But,

But, to be ſerious; That One of ſuch very groveling Faculties, as ſeem to be the miſerable Allotment of this Author of *Advice*, &c. ſhould arrogantly uſurp the Province of a Writer; and, with no more Conceit in him, than, as *Shakeſpeare* ſays, there is in a Mallet, take upon him, without any Provocation, to heap together a Parcel of old ſcrub Phraſes, and then apply them, by way of Character, to Thoſe, whoſe true, genuine, Merit has long rendered them the juſt Object of great Veneration; an Inſult, I ſay, of this Kind is perfectly ſhocking to Human Nature; and a monſtrous Inſtance of the moſt ſhameful Proſtitution imaginable of (What, under more moral, or leſs hodge-podge Direction, might have been made ſubſervient to ſome little

Amuſe-

Amuſement at leaſt, if not ſolid Inſtruction) Pen, Ink, and (juſtly ſo ſtiled, Fool's-cap) Paper.

You, Sir, no doubt, by your late Tranſactions, had made yourſelf a publick Mark for any Man, either ſkilful or unſkilful at the Bow, to ſhoot at: whence you are forced to put up with mine, let them be never ſo rough, or any other Garetteer's Compliments. But what has Sir *Edward* and thoſe other worthy Gentlemen done, that they muſt be drawn to the Stake in this unprecedented Manner; and furiouſly baited, contrary to all the Laws of the Garden, in the Dark: and That in a paltry Pamphlet, addreſs'd to you? The Author of which, for any Connection there is between the Title-page, and Body of the bleſſed Work, would

be non-ſuited in any Court, not downright *Grubſtreet*, in *Chriſtendom*.

I lodge high, God knows, as well as he does; have ſpent a Fortune as well as he has; and yet, I thank my Stars, am not ſo reprobate, as to abandon my Bread-and-Cheeſe Hours to lamentably low-lived Lampoons and moſt wretched, diſmal, Infamy.

Were you One, who delighted in Calumny, I ſhould really imagine you yourſelf had put this Spark on this glorious Work; and had hired him underhand to fling that Dirt without any Ceremony, which you did not care to have detected diſtaining your own Fingers. But, to do you Juſtice, I believe you abhor ſuch outrageous Proceedings, and therefore am, &c.